

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1880.

Respectable.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Of all the things that do make
This life of ours so delectable,
There's nothing adds such precious weight
As this one word "Respectable."

But mind, it matters not so much
What one has done in by-gone years,
To mark the status of the man
As how the person now appears.

There may be low-bred, vulgar traits,
In mind and heart detectable,
But when thrice plated o'er with gold
They'll pass as riches "respectable."

One who has riches as a dispenser,
(It is so ordinarily,
With all their virtues and their kin,
And hold their own right cheerily.

Forever gone the good old rings,
(We say it with a sigh and sigh,
The genuine ring that went to make
Old-time respectability.

Blue Spectacles.

That Gilbert Norcross should have had a somewhat overweening opinion of himself, is perhaps not strange. Had he been a brigadier-general in the late war, or chosen representative by an appreciative community, I do not know that he would have felt more lifted up than others under the same circumstances; but to be the only available young man in a remote England village is a position calculated to turn the strongest brain.

On the battle-field, or in the halls of Congress, he would have found many equals and some superiors, and the consciousness of this would have had a tendency to keep him humble, but in Puddletown he was absolutely without competition.

Was there a picnic, a sleigh-ride, a Fourth of July celebration, or a Christmas festival, he was the acknowledged leader.

To be sure, there were others who contributed to these entertainments, or the entertainments could not have been, but their names were never heard, they seemed only puppets moved according as Gilbert Norcross pulled the wires.

But it was among the young ladies of Puddletown that he achieved his proudest triumphs. He was like a butterfly in a garden of flowers, or rather like a wicked humblerbee that stole the honey and left a sting behind.

First, there was Sally Smythe, a bright, black-eyed girl of seventeen. He escorted her home from circles and prayer-meetings, he took her out for moonlight drives, he bought her peppermints and chocolate drops, and said so long of an evening after the old folks were in bed, that the extra amount of kerosene consumed was a serious item to Sally's father.

Then, just when everybody, Sally included, had set him down as Sally's lover, he suddenly and without warning betook himself and his peppermints to fair-lady Cora Wright. And so he went from one to another, always leaving just short of the fatal question. It is a wonder that the morose arm-chair in which he pursued his legal studies did not become a couch of thorns in requital of his abominable conduct, but in truth he seemed to find it very comfortable indeed, which was no doubt owing to the hardened state of his conscience.

One day as he was reclining in his soft embrace—his head was higher than the window-sill, and his feet trifle higher than his head—he was startled to a more natural and becoming position with a suddenness that threw the sheep-skin volume in front of him to the floor, from which he started, as he was not so deeply engrossed in the volume as he had not also an eye for what was going on outside.

"Who is she?" was the exclamation uttered.

It is observable that although there were two ladies passing, he said, "Who is she?" instead of "Who are they?" although according to all the rules of grammar, two persons are plural and not singular. The fact is, he saw only one face, the pretty and smiling one; of the other he noted nothing but a pair of blue spectacles.

"Who is she?" He spurned the sheep-skin volume with his foot, for he was now engaged in no stranger a study than anything its pages contained. It was a case of infatuation at first sight, to be tried by a "higher law" than any put down in the books. He had no difficulty in finding out all he wished to know for no stranger a study than anything its pages contained. It was a case of infatuation at first sight, to be tried by a "higher law" than any put down in the books.

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He failed to catch her name, however, and noticed nothing more than that she was quite plain and somewhat deaf.

Miss Bascom it was who occupied his dreams waking and sleeping, and he continued his attentions as assiduously as circumstances would admit, but with what success he hardly knew himself.

She seemed to him like a will-o'-the-wisp, now close within his reach, now farther off than ever. With the perseverance common to mankind, this only made him more interested and determined in his pursuit.

At length a time approached which seemed to favor his wishes. It was the glorious Fourth, which the young people were to celebrate by a picnic at Shamrock Grove.

As usual, on such occasions, Mr. Flint's great wagon was engaged to convey the party, but Gilbert had far other plans, though he thought it prudent to keep them to himself till he was sure of carrying them out.

He therefore wrote Miss Bascom a note requesting her to favor him with her company in a private conveyance. The note being finished, it popped into his head to add this postscript: "If you accept my company now, may I not infer that you accept it for life?"

He thought this a very neat thing, and sealed his note with a good deal of complacency.

It then occurred to him that he had never heard Miss Bascom's first name. It was not of great consequence, and he was about to direct it, "Miss Bascom," when he saw Billy Tufts coming from the postoffice, which was nearly opposite. He beckoned him over. It was the second time Billy had come to his relief, and he felt as though he could have embraced him, although he did not look particularly clean nor tempting.

Billy had a letter in his hand which he had just taken from the office, and Gilbert saw at a glance that it was directed to "Miss Jane Bascom," so he directed his own accordingly, and told Billy he would give him six packages of radish crackers and a pop-gun if he would deliver his note and say nothing about it to anybody.

Billy assented with brightening eyes, and was off like a flash. In less than an hour he was back again with an answer, and it was propitious; Miss Bascom accepted the invitation, and would take the other proposition into consideration.

There was no longer any occasion for secrecy, and Gilbert openly boasted that he was going to the picnic with the prettiest girl in town.

The previous Fourth rose clear and balmy, and at the time appointed he drove up to Mrs. Tufts' door with a high-stepping horse and a basket-plaquet. Mrs. Tufts looked out the window and said:

"Don't leave your horse, Mr. Norcross; Jane is all ready."

There immediately appeared at the door, not the person he expected to see, but the wearer of the blue spectacles.

"Good-morning, sir; you see I am punctual; I make it a point never to keep any one waiting," said she.

She wore a scant gray dress, which came just below her ankles, displaying a pair of blue stockings, and a green berce veil, and gray cotton gloves. All was to the last degree proper and sensible, but also stiff and angular and uncompromising.

Her very gait, as she stalked down the sidewalk, seemed to say, "You see I have none of the follies of my sex."

It seemed to Gilbert that she had never looked so ugly as now in the bright morning sunshine, and the blue spectacles had never glared at him so maliciously.

While this was passing through his mind he had made his bow and offered his hand to help her into the phaeton, since into the phaeton she appeared determined to go.

"And the other young lady; is she not going?" he ventured to ask.

"Cousin Blanche? Oh, she went some time ago, in the big team."

He took his seat beside her, not knowing whether he was the victim of a terrible blunder or a vile conspiracy. As in duty bound, he made some attempt at conversation, but hardly knew whether he was talking sense or nonsense, and once found himself addressing his companion as "Miss Spectacles."

Probably she did not understand him as she pulled from some hidden receptacle a speaking trumpet and applied it to her ear, saying that she always used it when riding. The wind and the rumbling of the carriage made hearing difficult.

"Some persons are ashamed to use a trumpet," said she, "but I consider that a false pride. I don't know that Harriet Martineau was any less respected for using a trumpet," and then followed a glowing eulogy on Miss Martineau, who seemed to be Jane's special heroine.

In all this there was consolation, for it seemed to imply that she had failed to comprehend his postscript, or was she expecting him to shout his sentiments through the ear-trumpet?

But presently she began—

"With regard to the second proposition in your note, Mr. Norcross—

"Now it's coming!" thought he, with a shiver, and seriously contemplated jumping out of the carriage and running away, but her next words relieved him.

"I have given the matter due consideration, and have decided that while I am at college any such entanglement would distract my mind, and as I shall afterwards give some years to the study of medicine, it would be long before I could entertain such a proposal. Harriet Martineau!"

What more she said he hardly noticed. He had got out of the matter better than he expected, and breathed freely once more.

Arrived at the grove, he got rid of Jane as soon as possible, and went in search of Blanche. He found her sitting on a rock by the water's edge.

She was dressed in something white and fluffy and charming—it might have been a cloud, for anything he knew—and fluttering ends of ribbon peeped out from all manner of unexpected places, while her broad, drooping hat enhanced the beauty it was intended to shade.

"My answer? Oh, you can't be serious, Mr. Norcross," she said.

"I am serious, and should like a serious answer," said he, almost angrily.

"What, me marry you? Why, it's just ridiculous!" and she burst into a girlish fit of laughter. "It was all very well when Jane was so nice and discreet and sensible, and would take such good care of you; but me—excuse me for laughing, Mr. Norcross, but it's so funny!"

"It doesn't strike me in that light," said he.

"Oh dear, I fear I've been rude—I didn't mean to be—but pray forget it all, and let's be as good friends, Mr. Norcross, just as if nothing had happened."

"Come Blanche, the boat's ready," said a voice.

"Coming!" called she. "Willie Breck and I are going out for pond-lilies. Good-by, Mr. Norcross." And Gilbert stood and saw her descend in a large and densely populated jacket.

To be refused twice in one day is no common experience. Yet it had happened to Gilbert Norcross, and although Jane's rejection had been a relief, it was, from the smiles and jests of his companions, that the story had in some fashion spread among them, which made his position so uncomfortable that he soon stole quietly away; and after ever since the name of *Blue Spectacles* has the same effect upon him that a red rag has on certain of the bovine species.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Model School House for Cities.

The committee of award who have just adjudged the prizes for the best plans for a public schoolhouse in New York city give their opinion, that a public school building to be erected in a large and densely populated city should possess the following qualifications, viz:

I. At least two adjoining sides of the building should be freely exposed to light and air, for which purpose the building should be not less than sixty feet distant from any opposite building.

II. Not more than three of the floors should be occupied for class-rooms.

III. In each class-room not less than fifteen square feet of floor-area should be allotted to each pupil.

IV. In each class-room the window space should not be less than one-fourth of the floor space, and the distance of the desk most remote from the window should not be more than one and one-half times the height of the top of the window from the floor.

V. The height of the class-room should never exceed fourteen feet.

VI. The provisions for ventilation should be such as to provide for each person in a class-room not less than thirty cubic feet of fresh air per minute, which amount must be introduced and thoroughly distributed without creating unpleasant draughts, or causing any two parts of the room to differ in temperature more than two deg. F., or the maximum temperature to exceed seventy deg. F. This means that for a class-room to contain fifty-six pupils, twenty-eight cubic feet of air per second should be continuously furnished, distributed, and removed during school sessions.

VII. The heating of the fresh air should be effected either by hot water or by low-pressure steam.

VIII. The fresh air should be introduced near the windows; the foul should be removed by flues in the opposite walls.

IX. Water-closet accommodations for the pupils should be provided for on each floor.

X. The building should not occupy more than half the lot.

Treat it Like Small-Pox.

A person sick with yellow fever, it is supposed, does not directly give the disease to another person, but the poison—whatever its source—is absorbed by woolen or cotton or other porous material, which thus becomes a source of contagion.

Diphtheria, however, like small-pox, may be communicated directly from one person to another. Besides this, the poison may fasten on any porous article within the sick-room—the bed-clothing, window-curtains, writing-paper, books, and clothing hanging in the closet. Or it may be absorbed by water, milk, or other fluids that are exposed in the room, and sometimes even in distant parts of the house.

Of course, everything about the house should be disinfected as thoroughly as if the disease had been small-pox, and no person should be admitted into the house until after the disinfection. As to articles of clothing, they should be carefully disinfected by themselves.

The hair of the patient, also, ought to be subjected to repeated disinfections—or, in severe cases, closely shaved and then burned.

Last summer a family of three children in St. Albans, Vt., had diphtheria and recovered from it. After their recovery they played about the streets for a fortnight. Then they were sent on a visit to friends in Fairfield, in which town there was no case of the disease. After their visit the diphtheria broke out in all the four families that the children had visited.

Of course, the supposition is fully warranted that they carried it with them in their hair or in their clothing.

In Russia there are districts where it is said half of the infant population have lately been swept away by diphtheria; and in Odessa, since last spring, more than three-fourths of all the children have died of it. In parts of New England whole families of children have been attacked by the disease, and a large portion of them have not recovered. And this will continue until families and towns are swept clean.

—(Fuller's) isolation and the most thorough disinfection.

A FOREIGNER DESCRIBES.—Miss Hill sued Mr. Harrison, at Saybrook, Conn., for \$10,000, because he failed to keep his promise of marriage. She was twenty-two years old, and he sixty-three. She loved him, she said, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, though she was greatly shocked when she learned how old he really was. She supposed him to be about forty, until he took off a black, curly wig and showed a small remnant of gray hair. She fainted at the sight, but afterwards became reconciled to him. Then he, in turn, grew cool.

A Wedding in Old Kentucky.

In the early days of the State, a Kentucky wedding was an affair in which the whole community joined. The ceremony took place just before noon, at which hour dinner was served as a wedding-dinner, and the guests were seated at long tables.

On the morning of the wedding-day, a party of young men and maidens gathered to escort the groom to his father's house to the bride's dwelling. The forest path was narrow—there were no roads then—and so they rode in double file, a young man and a maiden, side by side. Their horses were caparisoned with old saddles or old blankets, and guided by old bridles or halters.

The men were dressed in their best moccasins, leather breeches, and leggings, and in the famous Kentucky hunting shirt. This was usually made of linen or coarse linen, and sometimes of a dressed deer-skin. In the breast was a pocket for holding food, tow for wiping the rifle, and other articles. A belt, tied behind, confined the shirt to the body, and held the knife pouch, the tomahawk, and the knife in a leather sheath.

As picturesque in their array were the ladies, in linen petticoats, linen gowns, coarse shoes, knit stockings, and buckskin gloves. If one belonged to an old Virginia family, she displayed a ruff, a buckle, two or three metal forks, venison, bear meat, potatoes, cabbage, and other vegetables. After dinner dancing began, which was kept up till late in the night. If seats were scarce, every young man not engaged in the dance was expected to offer his services to the girls. The offer was sure to be accepted.

The next thing after the wedding was to "settle" the young couple. On a piece of land given by one of the parents, the party assembled to erect a cabin for the bride and groom, and cut them in proper lengths. A carpenter selected a tree suitable for making clapboards for the roof, while others hewed out puncheons for the floor.

Getting out the timber was one day's work. The "raising," in which all the neighbors joined, occupied the next, and on the third day the cabin was furnished. This was a simple job. The floor was made of the puncheons, and a clapboard door, a table, some three-legged stools, a bedstead, two or three shelves—and the cabin, after the "warming," was ready for the bride and groom.

Shelves were made by driving wooden pins in the logs and laying on them narrow boards. A split slab with four auger holes, in which four legs were inserted, formed the table.

The bedstead illustrated the art of making the best use of the materials on hand. Two forked sticks, fastened to the floor and a beam, supported poles, which were held in place by being inserted in the cracks of the log walls. In these, boards were placed, to form the bedstead.

A few pegs around the walls for women's things, and two small buck's horns in a joist for the rifles, completed the house. Then came the "warming," which was a dance and a feast. The following day the young people established their home in the new cabin.

In these plain log-cabins were reared some of the great men of Kentucky—eloquent lawyers, able statesmen and renowned soldiers.—*Youth's Companion.*

She Sewed on His Buttons.

Everybody who knows old Blummer knows a pretty tight-fisted man. Several days ago he said to his wife, "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card party to-night, and it'll pay me to look a little sprucer than common."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. B., "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Blame it!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I believe you'll ask me for money to buy 'em next." And then old Blummer laid the matter to rest.

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The Chinese, who know everything, force oysters to produce pearls by putting small beads into the shells of the live oyster and returning it again to the sea, where they soon cover the beads with a secretion, making them into pearls.

A man living near Altoona, Pa., has gotten up a private lottery and offers his farm as the capital prize.

Mr. and Madame de Lesseps.

The whole of Europe passes through the dining-room and saloon of Mr. and Madame de Lesseps. It is a hospitable house if ever there was one, cosmopolitan, and always seeming to be full of joy. You amuse yourself there as you do nowhere else, and at the same time find there a family note in the shape of a joyous band of seven children, who, at a given moment, make a noisy and bounding entry in the midst of the receptions.

Mr. de Lesseps loves to be surrounded by this little world, and his young wife is an adorable mother. Every day, about four o'clock, an immense bandon carries off the brood to the Bois de Boulogne. Who has not remarked those laughing faces, those rosy cheeks, and eyes sparkling with a youth that is blossoming forth in the full tide of happiness? Between the father and mother and the children there is a harmony of tenderness which is perhaps the most natural sentiment in the world, but which now-a-days is not common enough.

Madame de Lesseps is of Creole origin; her beauty has the type of that race, the intense black eyes—eyes of black velvet, which prevent you from seeing with impartiality any other feature of her face. The nose, perhaps, is a little wanting in line. Yes, assuredly, but you hardly think of it, in the face of that queenly look which commands all your admiration. And then she has a supremely elegant figure. Tight-fitting dresses were invented for her sake, and she is faithful to them.

Madame de Lesseps is known to her friends alone. It is charming. On his return from Palestine, Mr. de Bragars had brought back with him some roses of Jericho for some ladies of his acquaintance. Mr. de Lesseps, who was one of the friends of the house, was present when the legend about these flowers was related. Any one who has some of these flowers dried may put them in water and express a wish; if his desire is to be fulfilled, the next day the faded flower will be found to have bloomed again.

"And you, mademoiselle," said Mr. de Lesseps, turning toward the young daughter of Mr. de Bragars, "are you going to try to get married?"

"It is useless, monsieur," the young girl replied, with melancholy and emotion. "Those roses would not bloom again!"

"But use the wish that I form cannot be realized."

There was so much confusion and evident emotion in this reply that Mr. de Lesseps was struck and set to thinking.

"Try, at least, mademoiselle," he said, taking her hand, which she did not withdraw too hastily. It appears that the young girl put the legend of the roses to the test. The following day she came to her father, and shortly afterward Mlle. de Bragars became Madame de Lesseps.

Mr. de Lesseps lives in the Rue Saint Florentin. One of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the salon is a substantial looking bureau, with drawers and doors, and a top of mahogany, and a top of mahogany, and a top of mahogany.

Mr. de Lesseps is a simple and affable man, and a small employee or an unknown journalist is received as graciously as an ambassador. Their receptions are very animated. On Madame de Lesseps' days you cannot hear anything; everybody is talking, moving about and amusing himself. As for hospitality, it is practiced here in the old-fashioned style. They have always at the house some relation who has not been favored by fortune, or who has need of recommendations, and these visitors stay six months or a year. Mr. de Lesseps is about seventy-seven years of age; his wife was twenty-one years old when he married her, in 1869. His activity is prodigious; he works, attends to the duties of his high position, goes into society, takes his wife to balls, passes the night there, and resumes his busy life at day-dawn. When he is at sea, he refreshes himself by a sea-bath, and then he can very well dispense with going to bed. Every year he embarks for Egypt, with his whole family, just as he would go to Asnières, and yet, heaven knows the number of trunks such a numerous family must require. Mr. de Lesseps has a house in the country, near Meudon, on the model of an Egyptian house, with an interior court, on to which all the rooms open. There the legendary hospitality is practiced on the still larger scale.

Everybody in Paris has seen the magnificent portrait that Bonnat painted of Mr. de Lesseps; the work is a little tumultuous and jerky, perhaps, but it depicts well the "energy of the trait" of his high position. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. B., with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in its coarse appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the faded optic of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt button, and that the next one was a brass arm-closet button, and that number three was an oxidized silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan shawl coats, and that the fifth button was a piece of the dazed eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it, and a small metal piece, the obnoxious jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there wouldn't any button money grudge in that household hereafter.

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The Yolo Democrat
Thursday, June 4th, 1880.

A Necromantic Adventure.

'Twas midnight, and all the world seemed
wrapt in the still embrace of slumber.
The busy hum of human feet, as they hurried
along the animated streets, had long since
died away, and the night silence, like a pall,
like a pall, on the pulseless city. The myriads
who dwell in terrestrial loveliness had
given up their souls to Morpheus, and the god
of golden dreams had enshrined the senses in
the mystic realm of fancy. The moon looked
down through the motionless treetops, and the
shimmering rays of mellow light drank
the incense of the nocturnal quiet. Suddenly
on the somnolent midnight air there
arose melodious strains such as only one
whose soul is enamored by the witchery of
Cupid could possibly send forth. Ever and
anon the altarpiano gave way to the soprano
accompaniment of a female vocalist in the
adjacent doorway, and the concert was one that
might have made Orpheus blush in contempla-
tion of his own inferior powers. The air
was drunken with the witching strains, and
as the cadence of the foot of minstrelsy
the moon looked down in fearful con-
templation, and the sighing Pleiades wept in
their speechless awe as they took in the situa-
tion. But, alas! there are hearts in this
world, impenetrable by pathos, insensitive to
passion, and for which song holds no charm.
Such a heart was that of Mr. Lafferty, who
could not condescend his devotion to Morpheus
with the love of Apollo. Silently arising
from his disturbed repose with maddened eyes
and a burning in his murderous bosom, his
eyes depicting terrible resolve, and ven-
geance stamped on his set brow, he seized the
first missile—the friendly book-ack—and sal-
uted forth to quell the offensive serenade.
He passed through the front door, the faithful
watch-dog, Bob, who was unconsciously re-
veling in the golden romance of dreamland,
failed to observe his approach and took no
account of his recent misdeeds. Presently
the searching optic of our friend Lafferty es-
caped poor Tab as he was tuning his vocal or-
chestra for a select octave preparatory to the
introduction of a revised selection from
Pinaflore, and the destructive messenger was
hurled with lightning force on its errand. Of
course it struck the fence about four feet
above the corpus of poor Tab, who, notwith-
standing the absence of danger, took right
and made a lively exit through the neighbor-
ing yard. At this juncture old "Bob," the
faithful guardian, became conscious that
something unusual was taking place, and es-
pied his master in the ghastly moment of a
night dour he probably mistook him for a
burglar or an escaped lunatic, and recalling
the trust confided in him as a defender of the
household, he arose with a courage, significant
growth and proceeded to investigate the situa-
tion from an interested standpoint. In vain
did our friend Lafferty try to compromise on
terms of friendship and old acquaintance.
The more imploring his plea, the more de-
termined "Bob" that the intruder was there
for no good purpose. The situation began to
grow desperate. "Bob" commanded the line
of retreat to the house and was slowly but de-
terminedly forming a mode of attack. Poor
Lafferty took a hurried survey of the situ-
ation, and noting that a forest tree standing a
few yards distant offered the slightest pro-
tection. Summoning all his courage, he made
a desperate dash for the tree. He reached
the tree, and so "Bob" almost simultaneously.
On the second attempt "Bob" almost
gained some five feet on his fleeing
master, and just as he was about to strike
the third round the extreme continuation of our
friend's flannel shirt, which was caught in
an angle of 90 degrees in the rear and flag-
ging like a flag of distress in an arctic storm.
The affectionate wife of our friend Lafferty
had been watching the entire proceeding from
the bedroom window by the light of a lamp
covered from a paroxysm of laughter, and
thinking she had enjoyed enough amuse-
ment for one night, came to the door and
menaced our friend "Bob" to desist. L. was
greatly incensed by the night's adventure, but
he doesn't care about that as much as he does
about the fun poked in him by his wife, who
promised him faithfully that the papers
should never get hold of it.

Good Advice to Farmers.

A few days since an informal meeting of wheat
shippers was held in San Francisco to confer
with three leading grain merchants of Liver-
pool, England, who are on a pleasure trip to
California. The object of the meeting was to
facilitate the proper purchase, handling and
shipping there, and sale in Europe, of the com-
ing California wheat crop and the crops of
future years.
The Produce Exchange will be urged to take
early steps in the matter and to point out exist-
ing evils and their remedies, calling particular
attention to these facts: (1) That California
wheat is rapidly declining in value as com-
pared with wheat from other countries and
in English markets. (2) That wheat growers
in this State will study their own interests by
carefully preparing the land now; using no
shrunken seed, but the very best obtained, and
properly cleaned and treated with smut pre-
ventatives; thoroughly cleaning wheat when it
is threshed; and keeping the seed clean, and
selling, the choice, good and poor grades.
To this advice the attention of the farmers of
this country is called. It has become too much
the habit of late years to use little care in the
selection of seed. Great carelessness is mani-
fested in cleaning wheat when threshed.
Threshers should not be employed that will
not separate well foreign grains, chaff and
other foul seeds from the wheat. This can and
should be done, with a little extra pains.
A little more time spent in this important labor
will advantage farmers in many ways. It is
an evil which has been steadily increasing for
years and which should at once be stopped.

A Good Bargain.

Butchers, generally speaking, enjoy a dis-
tinguished reputation for modesty, and it is
not often that one can be found possessing
sufficient audacity and stability to defend his
avowed rights. But the following incident, com-
municated to us by a very reliable gentle-
man of Capay shows that there is at least one
who would not scruple to degrade the fair re-
putation of the profession. "A meat vendor
who was running a wagon on the classic plains
of Hungary hollow a few days since drove up to
a lady's door and inquired whether any thing
in his line was wanted. The lady, who was
chose piece of beefsteak, the price of which
was 25 cents. As she was returning to the
house on knight of the knife and steel follow-
her to the door and asked if he could get a
dinner. The lady replied that dinner was
over, but she would prepare him a meal in a
few minutes if he would only wait. She ac-
cordingly set to work, placing the beefsteak
and had just purchased the stove coal, and
in a few minutes the dinner was spread out
before the hungry guest, and a few minutes
later the Vienna had disappeared before the
insatiable appetite of our modest friend. Hav-
ing completed his delicate repast, which con-
sisted of one loaf of bread, a small portion of
beefsteak and other concomitants in propo-
riety, he thanked the lady for her kindness,
and although she politely assured him that he
was under no obligations whatever to her, she
was mentally devising some plan to get even."

Harvest Hands.

Usually at this season of the year, just before
the commencement of a promising harvest, in-
terior towns are flooded by unemployed work-
men who leave the large cities to seek employ-
ment in the harvest field. It is a significant
circumstance, and quite noteworthy, however,
that at this time there are comparatively few of
this class in Woodland. The harvest season
is closely approaching and within a week many
of our farmers will be in the midst of it. It
would seem to indicate that harvesters will
be in good demand and we already hear a few
farmers complaining about the lack of the
high wages for help; but when they take the
proper view of the matter and consider that
the laborer at all times is "worthy of his hire" it
is not likely that they will deny that he should
reap some benefit from an exceptional good
year. The cause of the scarcity of harvest
hands is doubtless owing to the extensive crops
elsewhere—all over the State in fact—which
will make an unusual demand for labor; yet
we do not apprehend any serious difficulty in
securing the necessary help in Yolo.

Probate Notice.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF YOLO
COUNTY, State of California.
In and for the Estate of ANNIE
EAKLE.
Orders show cause why last will and tes-
tament should not be admitted to Probate.
A document, purporting to be the last will
and testament of said ANNIE EAKLE, deceased,
having on the 18th day of May, 1880, come
into the possession of said Superior Court,
and a petition for a probate thereof, and for
the issuance of letters of administration to
H. H. Scott and J. S. Eakle, having been filed
by the Clerk.
The Court ordered that MONDAY, the
TWENTY-FIRST DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1880,
at one o'clock P. M. of said day, be appointed
for hearing said application, and that notice
be given thereof by the Clerk of this Court,
and directing that all persons interested in
said estate be and appear at that time, at the
Court-house, in the town of Woodland, Yolo
County, to show cause, if any they have, why
said document should not be admitted to
Probate, and why letters testamentary should
not be issued to said petitioners, by publica-
tion of such notice in THE YOLO DEMOCRAT,
a weekly newspaper printed and pub-
lished in the town of Woodland, in the county
of Yolo, three consecutive insertions prior to
said 21st day of June, 1880. It is further ordered
that subpoenas issue to the subscribing wit-
nesses to said will, and that citations issue to
the heirs to appear at the said time and place.
Dated at Woodland, May 19th, 1880.
J. K. SMITH, Clerk.
my27w3

Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE
County of Yolo, State of California.
HORATIO LOCKE vs. HIS CREDITORS.
Pursuant to an order of the Hon. E. R.
Bull, Judge of the said Superior Court,
notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of
the said Insolvent, HORATIO LOCKE, to be
and appear before the said Judge, in said
Court, at the Court House in said County, in the
City of Yolo, on the TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF
JUNE, A. D. 1880, at one o'clock P. M., to
show cause, if any they can, why the pay-
or of said Insolvent should not be granted, and
an assignment of any property of the said
Insolvent should not be made, and why he
should be discharged from his debts and liabilities,
in pursuance of the Statute in such case made
and provided, and in the meantime all pro-
ceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.
And it is further ordered that the notice be
published at least once a week for four weeks
in the YOLO DEMOCRAT, a newspaper printed
and published in the town of Woodland,
Yolo County Cal.
my hand and the seal of said Court,
this 5th day of May, A. D. 1880.
J. K. SMITH,
County Clerk.
my13w3

Election Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT AN
Election will be held in the County of Yolo,
the provisions of Section 3401 of the Political
Code of the State of California, at the Hotel
Building of G. R. LEWIS, in the Town of
DUNSMITH, in the County of Yolo, State
of California, on the TWENTY-FOURTH DAY
OF JUNE, A. D. 1880, for the purpose of elect-
ing three Trustees for Reclamation District
No. 10.
The polls will be open at 10 o'clock A. M. and
remain open until four o'clock P. M. of said
day.
The following persons constitute the Board
of Election, to-wit: L. W. JACOBS, Inspector
and JAMES BALDSON and CHARLES F.
REED, Judges.
By order of the Board of Supervisors of Yolo
County, State of California, May 11th, 1880.
J. K. SMITH,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
my13w3

Time for Proving Will.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF
YOLO. In Superior Court.
HENRY A. SCHNEEGAS, deceased.
Pursuant to an order of said Court, made on
the 10th of May, 1880, notice is hereby given
that MONDAY, the SEVENTH DAY OF
JUNE, A. D. 1880, at one o'clock P. M., at the
Court House in said County, at the Court House
in said County, at the Court House in said
County, at the Court House in said County,
have been appointed as the time and place
for proving the will of said HENRY A.
SCHNEEGAS, deceased, and for the admission
of application of W. S. FLOURNOY and LOU-
ISA KATAGNA SCHNEEGAS for the issuance
of letters testamentary, and where any person
interested may appear.
Dated May 10th, 1880.
J. K. SMITH, Clerk.
By Jos. L. RUBEN, Deputy Clerk.
J. C. BALL, Attorney.
my13w3

Justice's Court Summons.

IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT OF BUCKEYE
Township, in the County of Yolo, State of
California.
BENJ. ELY, Sr., Plaintiff, vs. O. F. SUM-
MERS, alias, Defendant.
The People of the State of California send
greeting to O. F. SUMMERS, alias, Defend-
ant.
You are hereby required to appear in an ac-
tion brought against you by the above named
Plaintiff, in the Justice's Court of Buckeye
Township, County of Yolo, State of California,
to answer before the Justice at the Court
house in said Township, the complaint filed
therein, within five days, (exclusive of the
day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within the Township
in which this action is brought; or, if served
out of said Township, but in the County of
Yolo, within Ten Days; or, within Twenty
Days if served elsewhere.
If the said action is brought to recover the
sum of one hundred and sixty-eight and
80-100 dollars (\$168.80) for money loaned to
you, Defendant, by the Plaintiff, to wit:
\$88.50, and for assigned accounts from M.
McGrath for \$34.75, Harting, Lowery & Co. for
\$22.50, and \$25.00 from John Ely. The whole
sum being due and owing from you to the
Plaintiff as aforesaid; to wit: \$168.80, with-
in the two years last past.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail
to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, said Plaintiff will take judg-
ment against you for the sum of one hundred
and sixty-eight and 80-100 dollars.
Make legal service and return hereof.
Within my hand this 26th day of Feb-
ruary, 1880.
J. C. HULSEY,
Justice of the Peace of said Township.
R. CLARK, Atty for Plaintiff. apw2m

Notice to Creditors.

Estate of G. W. Davis, Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE
Undersigned, Administratrix of the estate
of G. W. DAVIS, deceased, to the Creditors
of and all persons having claims against the
said Deceased, to exhibit them with their nec-
essary vouchers, within ten months after the
date of publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of J. M. a Clerk
at Davisville, in the County of Yolo.
Dated at Woodland, May 25th, 1880.
LUCY DAVIS,
Administratrix of the estate of said Deceased.
my27w3

School Election.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A
School Election will be held at the RICH-
MOND SCHOOL HOUSE, in the County of
Yolo, State of California, on the TWELFTH
DAY OF JUNE, A. D. 1880, for the purpose of
voting a special tax of Fifteen Hundred dol-
lars (\$1,500) for building a new school house.
Polls will be open at 1 o'clock P. M. and re-
main open until 4 P. M. of said day.
BENJ. ELY,
A. H. MAXWELL,
May 17th, 1880. my27w3

Hostetter's

CELEBRATED
STOMACH
BITTERS

Fortify the System.

And you are armed against disease. The
Stomach Bitters, which renders digestion
easy and complete, counteracts biliousness
and keeps the bowels in order, and is a
beneficial and its effects, that not only in-
creases the appetite and regulated by its use,
but dependancy is banished from the mind.
For sale by all druggists and dealers gen-
erally. my27w3

GARLAND RANGE.

SOMETHING NEW AND VERY ATTRACTIVE.



Furnished with every convenience to be found in the higher
priced Ranges, and in every way reliable

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Agents for the Pacific Coast,
502 and 504 J Street, SACRAMENTO.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.
Delivered Free of Freight at R.R. Depot in Woodland.
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any Encyclopedia ever before published in this country, and sold, handsomely and well bound,
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bound in half Russia, gilt top, for \$20—an enterprise so extraordinary that its success, beyond
all precedent in book publishing, may be fairly claimed to inaugurate a Literary Revolution.
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few years ago.
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allowed to dealers.
IV. The cost of books when made 10,000 at a time is but a fraction of the cost when
made 500 at a time—adopt the low price and sell the large quantity.
V. Use good type, paper, etc., do careful printing, and strong, neat binding, but avoid
all "padding," fat and heavy ledgers, and costly paper, which are so
commonly resorted to to make books appear large and fine, and which greatly add to their
cost, but do not add to their value.
VI. To make \$1 and a friend is better than to make \$5 and an enemy.

Standard Books.

Library of Universal Knowledge, 20 vols., \$10.
Milton's History of Rome, 5 vols., \$25.
Macaulay's History of England, 10 vols., \$50.
Chamber's Encyclopedia of Eng. Literature, 4
vols., \$25.
Knight's History of England, 4 vols., \$35.
The Lives of Illustrous Men, 3 vols.,
\$15.
Gleik's Life and Words of Christ, 90 cents.
Young's Bible Concordance, \$1.00 references
(preparing) \$2.50.
Acme Library of Biography, 40 cents.
Book of Fables, Aesop, etc., illus., 50 cents.
Shakespeare's Complete Works, 50 cents.
Shakespeare's Progress, 75 cents.
Works of Dante, translated by Cary, 50 cents.
Works of Voltaire, 10 vols., 50 cents.
The Koran of Mohammed, translated by Sale,
2 vols., 50 cents.
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The Thoroughbred Stallion
KEYSTONE!

Will stand the present season at
Fashion Stables, Woodland,
—AND—
At my Ranch, Eight Miles North
of Woodland.
DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE:
KEYSTONE was bred by Jas. A. Douglas, is a
beautiful dapple brown horse, 4 years old,
16 hands high, weighs 1,125 lbs. He was
sired by Langford; First Dam, Yelons, by
Belmont—see also the "Tart Books." There
is absolutely no cross in Keystone that is not
gentle and well recorded in the "Tart
Records" as thoroughbred and first-class.
He will be bred to a few mares this season,
at \$25 the season, at my Ranch and at the "Fash-
ion Stables in Woodland.
H. S. BROWN.

FURNITURE & BEDDING.

Parlor, Sitting Room, Dining
Room, Office and Kitchen
FURNITURE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Specially in Cheap Hard Wood and Black
Walnut Stock.
Orders Respectfully Solicited.
GOODS CAREFULLY PACKED.
W. D. COMSTOCK,
Cor. K and 5th Sts. Sacramento.
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MRS. H. U. OGBURN
Is foremost in the field with the
MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES
—OF—
SPRING MILLINERY GOODS.
For which she asks an examination by the
Ladies of Woodland and vicinity.
Call early at the old stand and make
your selections. ap22w3

Cacheville Hotel.

L. KNIGHT, Prop'r.
Having purchased this well known
Hotel, I am prepared to receive the
traveling public that I am ready
to receive their patronage, and will
guarantee full satisfaction at all times.
Board and Lodging per Week, \$4.00; Single
Rooms, 50 cents.
L. KNIGHT, Prop'r.
my27w3

CAPITAL HOTEL.

MATTHEW TACKNEY, Prop'r.
Oldest, largest and most centrally located
house in Woodland. Good Rooms and Board
by the Day or Week.
Free Buses to and from the Cars. jaldw3

Marcus C. Hawley GO TO A. NICKELSBURG & BRO'S,

AND CO., WHERE YOU WILL FIND

HARDWARE
—AND—
Agricultural Implements.
THE LARGEST STOCK,
THE BEST ASSORTMENT
—OF—
LOWEST PRICES

Dry and Fancy Goods, Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
GRAIN AND WOOL BAGS AND SACK TWINE.

JUST RECEIVED, A FULL STOCK OF

Madame Demorest's Most Reliable Pat-

terns for the Spring of 1880.

"Syston"

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(PATENTED JUNE 13TH, 1874)
FOR SALE BY

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

The Largest Stock, Best Assortment, the Fairest

Dealing and the Lowest Prices at

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CORNER FIRST AND MAIN STREETS, WOODLAND.

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After twenty-eight years' of experience in this one line of business, and with the ad-

vantage of a large trade direct with Farmers—from all the machines manufactured in the

United States, we have selected and improved our machines until we can now offer a full

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Farming Machines and Implements.

Far superior to anything of the kind to be found. Try our

Buckeye Mowers and Reapers,

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Tiger Self-Dumping Sulky Rakes,

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The Buffalo Pitts Thresher and Horse-Power,

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With a full line of HAY PRESSES, FAN MILLS, LAWN

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BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH, SACRAMENTO. ap1w3

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FOR THE.....

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1880!

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